

5 times Peter Parker ignores Flash and 1 time he didn't

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[Power Comes Great Responsibility](#), [Star Wars References](#), [5 Times](#),
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5 times Peter Parker ignores Flash and 1 time he didn't

by [Dorthea](#)

Summary

Flash is known for being a bully, and most of the time Peter ignores it. But what happens when he doesn't ignore Flash?

Or 5 times Peter Parker ignores Flash and 1 time he didn't.

With great powers, comes great responsibility!

Flash had always been on Peter's back. It really wasn't a secret. Flash was loud and obnoxious with the name calling (Punny Parker), pushing Peter into lockers, pushing him when playing soccer (a/n: I would totally call it football, I mean. That's what I'm taught, but I'm calling it soccer to make people on AO3 happy), in P.E, throwing him in the shower after class with his cloths on.

And Peter couldn't do anything about it, other than ignore it to the best of his abilities. Or, well... that was how it used to be. Now Peter made a choice not to.

After Peter's class had been on a school trip to Ocorp, Peter had gained these, Spider abilities. He could suddenly stick to walls, he had super strength - which he was still learning to control - and his sense were dialed to eleven. And the thing that was hardest to hide, he had gotten a well place set of abs, basically overnight.

Peter had gotten bitten and less than 20 minutes later, Ben had to pick him up from school. And then Peter had gotten sick, extremely sick. Not that, that was anything new. Peter had always been the weak kid, that would spend most of the winter sick. He had asthma, which at it's worst points got Peter hospitalized for a couple of days.

So being sick wasn't new.

When he was done being sick, and had gotten his powers he wasn't actually sure what to think. And the whole Spider-man thing first came when Ben was killed.

"With great powers, comes great responsibility" Ben always said, and he had said that too as he bleed out in Peter's arms that night six months ago. Or, as Peter said "when you can do that things that I can, but you don't, and then the bad things happens... they happen because of you".

Ben was dead because of Peter. But Peter was going to live up to his responsibility. That was why he made the choice, not to fight back when Flash came at him with his team. That was what he reminded himself, when he for the 5th time that week was thrown into a locker. That was what he reminded himself when Flash again stole his lunch money. That was what he reminded himself when he got a bruise that covered half his face. He was living up to his responsibility.

"With great power, comes great responsibility", was also what Peter reminded himself of today. A Wednesday at Midtown high, school of science and technology.

"Are you ignoring me Punny?" Flashes voice pulled Peter out of his thoughts. Peter barely looked up at the boy, didn't really acknowledge him.

Flash pushed Peter hard in his side, slamming his locker shot and Peter just looked at Flash. His eyes not giving away any emotions. "Huh, maybe little Punny finally realized he doesn't have a chance against us. I would shot up too if I were you" Flash laughed together with the other boy, who had placed themselves in a half circle around Peter so he couldn't get away.

"You know Parker, if I were as quiet as you my parents would probably have left me too" Flash said, placing one of his hands under Peter chin, forcing Peter to meet his eyes. "Cause that's what happens, right Parker. You mommy and daddy left you, because they didn't want you". Flash placed his index finger from his right hand in Peter's chest, before pushing. Peter tries his best to

ignore Flashes words, he know it's not true.

"You just weak and pathetic, Punny. I'm sure that's why you uncle went and killed himself" Flash let go of Peter chin, just to let the right hand push him to the floor with full force.

Peter stumbled to the ground, landing awkwardly with his legs bend under him and in front of him Flash sat squatting in front of him, his dark brown eyes filled with hate staring into Peter's soul.

"Why don't you follow his steps, Punny? How was it again, a bullet to the stomach, or did he blow his own brain out huh?" Flash laughed, got up and left with his team as the bell rang. Peter was left on the dirty hallway floor, the papers from his backpack floating the hall. He hadn't even realized when they had pulled the back away from him, but they had.

Peter slowly got up, leaning against the lockers. Ned had been sick that day, Peter hadn't gotten lunch because Flash had stolen his money, and now he would be late for the last class of the day because Flash felt like destroying his life.

But Peter knew what Flash said wasn't true. Ben and May had chosen to take Peter in all those years ago. Peter's parents loved him, it wasn't his fault that they died in a plane crash. Ben had loved Peter as his own, and even if Peter blamed himself for Ben's death, in the end he knew Ben hadn't killed himself to get away from Peter.

So yeah, Peter could be late to class, explain it to the teacher and most likely be called a lair. Or Peter could skip the last class of the day, jump in his homemade suit or do some dumpster diving before going home.

And that was what Peter ended up doing. And really, he hadn't even been diving into the dumpster, the old, used, DVD player had just been sitting on top of the dumpster, waiting for someone, anyone, to find it and bring it home. Give it a little bit of new life, and that was what Peter was going to do.

Peter was going home with his "new" toy, and fix it. Pull it apart, give a furrow cleaning to get the small of smoke out of the thing (it probably came of a home where people smoked indoors), and then fix what was needed and put it back together. Just so he could hook it up to his existing dumpster diving setup, or maybe sell it on E-bay to help out Aunt May with money for groceries, he did have a enhanced metabolism after all. Perfect way to end the day.

And soon enough Peter found himself, with music in his ears walking down the stress towards his and May's apartment.

Peter spotted the car from quiet the distance. It was new and looked very expensive. It was black, shing in the sun, and Peter... yeah Peter knew, nobody in his neighborhood would ever have the money for a car like that. A car like that wouldn't just be parked in the street, it would be in a garage to protect it from wind and weather.

As Peter got closer, he could clearly see it was Stark technology. One of the newer models with artificial intelligence that was build in to save lives. Maybe it was even a prototype for the next model. It shape wasn't exactly as it looked on the pictures and the windows were tinted completely black, as least from the outside prospective.

It was totally a prototype, so Peter snapped a quick photo and send it to need with the text: *Look at*

this crazy car packed in the middle of queens. Stark tech might even be a prototype.

And then Peter walked into his apartment complex, DVD player under his arms and pulled out his keys as he walked out the elevator. Unlocked the light wooden door, calling “Hey May” as he let his backpack fall down his shoulder, leaning up against the dining table and placing the DVD player on top of the table before walking through the half closed off kitchen.

“How was school today” May asked from the living room.

“Okay” Peter replied, it wasn’t really but he couldn’t tell May that “This crazy car parked outside” he stopped looking into the living room were May was sitting in the couch next to no other than THE Tony Stark. Iron man. Owner of stark industries. A superhero. His indole. His inspiration.

“Oh, Mister Parker” THE Tony Stark said playing with a piece of walnut-date loaf between in fingers. Peter pulles his headphones out and let them dangle at the end of his t-shirt taking a few steps closer and awkwardly folding his arms around himself.

“Uhm” Peter stammers “What... what are you doing... hey, I am uhm... uhm... I’m Peter”.

Tony just looks at him with a smile, and PR face and says “Tony”.

“What are you, what are you, what are you doing here” Peter askes with a stutter, high toned voice filled with excitement and nervousness.

Tony puts down the walnut-date loaf on the living room table, “It’s about time with meet. You been getting my emails right?” he say, blinking once with both eyes.

“Yeah” Peter says with a nervous voice “regarding the...”

“You didn’t tell me about the grant” May says quickly.

“... about the grant” Peter says losing up slightly throwing his right hand out into the air shortly before again placing it Infront of him.

“The September foundation” Tony Stark says.

“Right” Peter says, pulling the word slightly.

“Yeah, remember when you applied?” Tony Stark askes, Peter stutters a short yes “Well, I approved” Tony Stark continuous “We’re in business”.

“You didn’t tell my anything, what’s up with that?” May askes “Your keeping secrets from me now?” she talks with excitement in her voice.

“Well, I just know how much you like surprises” Peter quickly says “so I though I would let you know” he cut’s himself off “Anyways. What did I apply for” he asks quickly?

“That was I’m here about” Tony Stark says before turning to May and says “It’s so hard to me to believe she’s someone’s aunt” he smiles.

May laughs slightly before saying “Yeah, well. We come in all shapes and sized you know”.

Tony Stark continuous “This woman’s date loaf is amazing” before Peter says, “Can I cut you off there?”.

Tony looks at him and say “yeah”.

“Is this grand, like got money involved or whatever” he asked nervously. It would be great to help May out Peter thinks to himself.

“Well yeah, it’s pretty well founded” Tony smiles “Look who your talking to!” he says. “Can I have 5 minutes with him”.

May nods in reply.

Peter smiles quietly. This is the kind of thing that make’s it worth it too ignore Flash’s comments. Detentions on this specific day could have cost him the opportunity of his life.

The origin of Penis Parker

Chapter Notes

Warning: Minor flashbacks to rape. It's minor, but if you're sensitive to the topic, it can be triggering.

It's not perfect. Heck, I almost wanna say it's really badly written. But I don't know how to improve it. I'm not even sure if it's me speaking, or the migran attack I'm having. Lol. Might or might not be secretly trying not to die while posting this. Next chapter will hopefully be better, but might also have a slight delay depending on how fast this headache wants to go away.

The next day, Thursday afternoon Peter is sitting in a hotel room while Happy is fixing him up and checking him over for injuries. Peter is supposed to go home late Saturday, and while it had only been him and Happy on his way to Berlin, Tony was going to join them on their trip back. But first he had needed to make sure the rogues were placed securely at the raft. And that had left Happy and Peter at the hotel, waiting for Tony to come back.

Peter was scrolling through his phone while Happy was stitching up a smaller wound over his shoulder. Peter had around 267 messages just from Ned, and his been gone for less than a day.

07:57, Ned: Dude where are you?

09:43, Ned: Are you sick? Dude, you can't just leave us hanging!!!!

03:50, Ned: Liz is worried about you not being at practice... I guess May is working late cause she aren't answering. Plz call me!!!

Peter reads through them, before has answers. Because how dose he explain what ever this is? Yes he has a cover story with Mr. Stark, but Ned's going to want details when Peter starts to explain. Instead Peter settle on something simple.

08:36, Peter: I'll call you later. Crazy shit went down yesterday, I'm in Berlin.

Happy get's done with the stitches and places a bandage over Peter's wound to keep bacteria away, before he checks his own phone with a slightly worried expression on his face. He quickly get's up and get's ready to leave.

"I'll go call Tony and see if he needs help, and then I have to check on Rhodey. Are you going to be alright here alone for an hour or so?" Happy questions and studies Peter with his eyes, and give him a weird annoyed look.

Peter nods, "I should be fine. Just going to call May and one of my friends and then probably jump to bed. I heal faster when I sleep" Peter looks up from his phone to see Happy nod thoughtfully before leaving the room. Peter can hear Happy enter his own room, throwing the first-aid kit calling Tony who don't seem to pick up, before leaving again.

Peter carefully check out the room, it's the first real chance he got since getting there since they had to go fight almost right away. In the room where the case with the new Spider-man suit is, there also is a small box with candy and a note from Mr. Stark that he did a good job in the airport. Peter smiles as he opens it to find a tone of different German candy he has never seen or heard of before. Peter opens the chocolate and breaks of a piece. Then he picks up his backpack and throws himself on the bed before pulling out his laptop.

Ned's still online on Skype, so Peter calls him. Ned picks up almost right away and they put video on.

"What the hell dude! You didn't show up today, and like weren't we supposed to do Lego?! And then you didn't answer, and May didn't and school couldn't say anything, and then you message me that your in Berlin and this Is crazy what are you even doing in Berlin? Is May there too?!" Ned says before Peter can even say a word, Peter giggle and smiles at his friend.

"Sorry about our Lego date Ned, but yesterday I show you that crazy car that was parked in the middle of Queens, right?" Peter asks, Ned's nods and looks at Peter through the computer "So I came in, and there on my couch with Aunt May is no other than THE Tony Stark Right?! And he was like remember when you applied for the grant, the September foundation. Yeah he like approved and was like we are going to Berlin!!!!" Peter rambles. It might just be a cover story, but Peter is still so damn existed.

Ned looks at Peter in disbelief "Dude, that is so Crazy!".

Peter end Ned talk for half an hour before Ned has to leave, and the Peter's left alone, and he kinda misses May but she has work and most likely can't pick up the phone right now. Peter knows, cause he has memories May's schedule at the hospital so he knows when he can go out on patrol for longer than normal and what days he has to come home early.

Peter finds himself walking towards the bathroom before he even realizes it. He turns on the bathroom TV, because that's a thing (A/N: watch the extended version of Peter Parkers vlog, the director cut or something. It's on YouTube). The news runs in the background while Peter showers and brushes his teeth, his tired and can't wait to go to bed, but as his about to turn off the TV something catches his attention.

"...Steven Westcott age 27 was this afternoon arrested for sexual abusing a 12 year old in the northern parts of Berlin. It's confirmed that Steven Westcott was on early release due to good behavior after being arrest for Rape of then 8-year-old Peter Benjamin Parker, in the US Queen..."

Peter doesn't hear the rest of what's said, his pulled into his brain and there right in front of him is Skip.

Skip pushing Peter down on the bed in Queens, pulling off Peter's pants, and carefully forcing himself inside of Peter. Peter screams, it hurts, he can't move, can't breathe. He calls for May and for Ben. He calls for his parents. But they doesn't hear him, doesn't know what's going on when they leave Peter with his babysitter. It had happened for almost 6 months before Peter had told someone. He had told Ned who had gone to his parents who then had gone to Ben and May. They blamed themselves for months, years. Maybe May still blamed herself for it. Peter never blamed them, he blamed himself. At least he thinks so, but it might have been different when he was younger. He might have blamed them, he isn't sure.

What he is sure of is that the news isn't supposed to know, the police reports where private. The case had been brought up in the news before, of course it had. But Peter's name wasn't brought up. It wasn't supposed too.

Peter pulled back to reality when his phone vibrates on the floor where Peter finds himself curled up sobbing. Peter carefully sites up, and looks at the screen, and with big letters stands "FLASH" on the display. Flash is spamming his messages. Peter shakes as he picks up the phone and reads through the messages.

09:42, Flash: Now it makes sense why little Punny is always s quiet huh?

09:42, Flash: Did you like it? Huh! Did you like Stevens penis inside of you like Punny Parker?! I hope you did, already shared a like for the new with whole the school your slut.

09:43, Flash: Maybe Punny isn't the right words for your little skinny body anymore. What do you say Penis? Penis Parker.

09:43, Flash: Penis Parker!!! Ha!

09:43: Flash has change Punny Parkers nickname to Penis Parker in "Midtown high 1. C." group chat room.

Peter turns off his phone, there's no reason for him to listen to Flash's words. Though Penis Parker is likely going to stick for the rest of his time on Midtown. Peter knows it. There simply aren't any way around it. Peter knows that for a fact, so he pulls himself off the floor and leave his phone in the bathroom before collapsing onto the bed and pulls his legs up against his chest.

Peter cries, not because of what Flash says. Even though Peter knows that as soon as he opens his phone or laptop there are going to be a million messages. Not Peter cries because even 6 and a half years later, he can still fill Skip on top of him. He can still fell how Skips private parts slides into his ass. And before Peter knows his hyperventilating. He just want's May.

Peter knows his acting like a kid, but really his nothing more. Right here, alone in a hotel room in Berlin he isn't anything else. The 8-year-old who was raped by a monster. But Peter Parker is supposed to be spider-man.

Black spots are dancing in front of Peters eyes before he knows it. But what really catch Peter off guard is steady hands being placed on his shoulders and a voice far away telling him to breath. Peter tries, the voice counts.

In for 4 seconds.

1, 2, 3 and 4.

Out for 6 seconds.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6.

Peter dose it a few times before looking up to see who holding his shoulders. And Peter finds himself staring into Happy's eyes. Happy looks almost worried. So Peter tells Happy about Skip and the news, and shortly about Flash's words, the new nickname. And before Peter knows it

Happy has made a call, and is talking to Pepper Potts. And soon after Peter's name is no longer to be found in the Steven Westcott case, at least not to the public.

That doesn't mean the damage hasn't been done, but Peter feels slightly better afterwards. Even though he knows Flash has screen shots.

That night Peter finds himself next to Happy asleep to a movie on his bed.

By the next morning Happy is back to being his mean, grumpy self. The night before is never brought up again.

Saturday afternoon Peter found himself in a car with Mr. Stark and Happy Hogan driving through Queens desperate to see May and give her the biggest hug. Happy he returned to his normal grumpy self almost right after the incident the night at the hotel, and Mr. Stark didn't seem to have heard about it. If he had, he at least didn't bring it up, or acted different.

Tony Stark hadn't returned to the hotel until a few hours before they had to leave for their return to the US. Had had been covered in bruises all over, and Happy had carefully covered the worst up before they went on the plane just in case they would run into curious journalists. And he'd done the same for Peter, covering up his blue eye. Lucky, they hadn't met anyone wanting to take pictures or ask questions, and Peter was grateful for that.

Sitting in the car he carefully pulled out his phone, turning it one for the first time since the Thursday night. A wave of messages from Ned, Liz and Flash filled the screen.

Ned had seen the news too and had texted Peter multiple times to ask if he was okay. Liz had heard about the new nickname, and even though she reminded him that if he didn't practice for decathlon before the next Wednesday, she promised that Flash wouldn't get Peter's spot just yet. Even if Peter had missed many practice times lately.

Last and least Peter checked the messages from Flash.

Friday, 03:41, Flash: You know Penis, soon I'll get your spot on the team, and I'll make sure we win so everyone can see how stupid you are compared to me.

Saturday, 11:39, Flash: You know, Penis. It really aren't nice to ignore people. Even sluts can't ignore people, especially not a slut like you.

Peter didn't even care to read through all of it, just sight and turned off the message app before turning on the phone cam carefully placing it Tony Stark was in frame. Silently hoping he would notice. Peter weren't that lucky.

Tony Stark quickly saw it, pushing lightly to the phone asking "What are you doing a little video diary?" he question looking at Peter.

Peter nodded and stammered a nervous "yeah".

"I told him not to do it" Happy quickly jumped in "he was filming everything. I'm going to wipe the chip" he said quickly looking back before retuning his eyes to the road.

“Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey. We should make an alibi video for your aunt anyway, alright. Are you ready?” Tony said removing his sunglasses and facing Peter. “Get in the frame”. Peter shifted slightly in the seat so he and Tony were in the frame together. Peter smiled awkwardly at the camera.

“Hey May” Tony said “How you doing? What your wearing? Something skimpy I hope” he said and started laughing quietly before placing a hand on Peter’s shoulder looking at him. “That was inappropriate. Alright let’s start over. You can edit it right?” Peter hummed in confirmation and Tony counted down from 3.

“Hey May” Tony said into the camera “My goas! Wanted to tell you what an incredible job your nephew did this weekend at the Stark internship retreat!” he said before turning a bit more serious “Everyone was impressed-“ But Tony is cut off as Happy swears from the front seat. Peter moves the cam before Tony speaks again.

“You see, Happy is hoping to be bumped up to asset management” Tony says into the camera “He was forehead of security and before that he was just a driver”.

Happy cuts Tony off “Hey that was a private conversation! I don’t like joking about this is was hard for me to talk about”.

“No seriously, was he snoring-“ Happy pulls over and Tony asks to talk to Peter alone for a moment while Happy takes out the suit from the back of the car. Peter lowers the phone with an intense look.

“I can keep the suit?” He asks in disbelief.

“Yeah that was what we were just talking about” Tony looks out the back windows “Do me a favor though. Happy is kinda your point guy in this, don’t stress him out. Don’t do anything stupid. I have seen his cardiogram. Alright?”.

“Yes” Peter replies fast with determination looking at Tony.

“Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do. And differently don’t do anything I would do. There Is a little grey area and that is where you operated” Tony Stark says. And before Peter knows his standing outside the care, the case in his hand watching Happy and Tony drive away.

The “Fake” Internship aren’t so fake

Chapter Notes

So, headache went away pretty fast (eh, took some strong painkiller) and i felt like writing, so... here we go again!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

That night Peter had crawled up the stairs, let the case drop to the floor in his bedroom before turning to May giving her the biggest hug ever. Since Ben, since spider-man, Peter hadn't hugged May much. They had both tried to be strong for each other when they last Ben. And Peter missed May's hug. So they crawled up on the couch the next day, Sunday, and watched old movies while May ran her fingers through her nephews hair.

And then, when Monday came around, Peter returned to school. Of course, the teacher had gotten the same story as Aunt May. Peter had been accepted as an intern for Stark industries and had been with the September foundation in Berlin for a few days, to challenge his abilities, learn and have fun.

If Peter really thought about it, maybe it wasn't a complete lie. He was an intern, a superhero intern, getting mentored by the original superhero, Iron Man. His abilities had been challenged, not his science and technological abilities, but really they were a part of Spider-man just as much as the DNA mutations. He had learned, Mr. Stark had carefully taught him strategy and tips and tricks to take down Captain America (he had gotten away in the end, but that wasn't really his fault. They last sour of defend had turned, at least that's what Peter had heard). And if he didn't look at the Skip case, his name drop in it, and Flash's messages... Peter had, had fun. And really, it wasn't that hard to look past Flash and Skip, Peter just pushed it to the back of his mind and enjoyed the days in Berlin.

Peter classmates and the other students (excluding Ned), didn't know why Peter hadn't been there. Though Peter thought is was a pretty good guess to assume they thought he had been sick. It wouldn't be the first time. But a part of Peter feared that they might have thought it was in connection to Skip. Peter hoped that wasn't the case, but he couldn't do anything about it.

So Peter walked through the doors, and down the hall to his locker before pulled the music out his ears and inserting his code to the locker, before pulling out his history book. He had been so distracted that he didn't even notice Ned come up behind him.

“Wanna help me build me new Star Destroyer this upcoming weekend” Ned asked in a funny voice while placing a little Lego figure on Peter's shoulder, before he started laughing with excitement. Peter took the picture out of Ned's hand, studying it. It was an imperial officer. Peter looked at Ned and smiled.

“OMG! Yes!” he said loudly “How many pieces?” he then asked.

“4784” Ned replied quickly. Peter made an impressed face, closing his locker and followed Ned down the hall for the first class of the day.

“It must have been really expensive! How did you even get it?” Peter asked. Unlike Peter and May, Ned family had money enough to get by. Ned even had a somewhat expensive gaming laptop from HP, that Ned used for gaming and coding. He had even taught Peter a thing or two. Peter was differently more into chemistry.

“My dad cousin helps designing the machine for the Lego land. And then they had gotten a box with the Lego set that was damage, and he therefor got a really good price on it!” Ned explained “He was working on the Lego Land park in Florida when the hurricane Dorian hit. Didn’t have signal or power for days” (A/N: Check end notes for fun fact).

“That is so cool, didn’t know your cousin work for Lego!” Peter said staring at Ned with excitement. But of course everything couldn’t be a walk on roses on his first day back.

“You have to tell me about the inter-“ Ned was cut off.

“Hey Penis!” Flash called suddenly standing in front of Peter and Ned with hand loyal gang behind him. “Too scared to come to school I see, where’d you go? Did you run to May and cried or what, little, baby, Penis Parker!” Flash drawled.

“Actually not” Peter replied with the most stern, boring voice he could muster, before pushing himself past Flash, pulling Ned along with him. Hoping to make it class in time.

But of course, Parker Luck TM strikes again “I don’t believe you Penis!” Flash called before pulling Peter back, pulling in the strap on Peter backpack causing Peter to lose balance and fall to the floor. “I think you cried yourself to sleep Penis! Because now everyone at school know just how much of piece of shit you are. A fucking Slut Penis! Do you hear me Parker” Flash stood tall over Peter, and Peter just meet his eyes keeping his face expressionless.

As he stood there something flashed over his face, a realization “OMG! You are a fucking slut! You totally ran away to have sex with some random dude!” Flash laughed so loud that is echoed through the hall catching everyone’s attention.

And before Peter could do anything Ned spoke “He didn’t! Peter went to Berlin as Stark intern!” He said with pride and Flash just looked at him with a weird look.

“God you guys are such stupid liars, aren’t ya?” Flash asked “How would Penis ever become a Stark intern; he is way to stupid. If anyone at Midtown could, it would be me”.

The next 6 months went pretty much like you would expect. Whole the school soon found out about Skip, but even worse, whole the school found out about the supposed Internship. And Peter couldn’t really defend himself when they said it was fake, when Flash attacked him and made fun of him, calling him a lair. Cause really the internship was fake. It was a cover story, to explain why he came home late, or for why he went to Berlin. So that May wouldn’t figure out the truth. It was just a cover story.

But Peter dealt with it in his own way. As much as he could, he avoided Flash as school, and he stayed away from the parties some of the older students held. Even if him and Ned were invited a few times by Liz. Peter didn’t want to party anyways.

As soon as the bell rang, he ran out the classroom. Threw his stuff in his locker and left school ground. On good days he would get out before Flash had a chance to catch him. A less than good days, Peter was thrown in the muddy water puddles in the front of the school, soaked in rain water.

But then he'd find the nearest ally and throw his cloth and backpack, pulling out the suit and putting it on. And pushing the Spider symbol on the chest for it to suck the air out making it skintight over his body. He figured it was probably so that Peter wouldn't outgrow it too quickly, because even after Peter grew a few centimeters, it still fit him like a dream.

May worked more and took longer shifts at the hospital. Peter didn't really mind too much, it meant he didn't have to be as sneaky with his after-school activities. It also meant he didn't have to save the kitchen every time May burned the food, but that weren't really that big of a deal. Peter could totally live with May's experiment cooking, and she had gotten pretty good at making a few dishes.

Happy barely answered Peter's messages, not that Peter had expected much. But a thumbs up emoji, confirming he had read it would have been cool. But he didn't push, Mr. Stark had told him not to stress Happy out. So Peter just went on patrol. Left a voicemail for Happy telling him about patrol. And send a message once in a while when something happened leaving him unable to do his usually work.

The one time Peter had forgotten to tell Happy about a afternoon tournament with decathlon, Happy had yelled at Peter over the phone. Seemingly scared that Peter was dead or kidnapped as Peter, not as spider-man.

Yeah, those 6 months went exactly as you would have expected. And, if Peter hadn't gotten that churro one day from an old lady during his patrol (causing him to sit down, call happy, and eat) thing likely would have stayed like that forever. But they didn't.

A simple bank robbery showed out to be his first link to special made weapons with alien technology. It had also caused Peter's favorite deli to damaged and temporarily closed, but at least no one was hurt.

Then Ned had found out about Spider-man, and they had gone to that stupid party at Liz's house. But before Peter could as much eat a slice of pizza, there had been an explosion and Peter had ended in a lack, after being picked up by the flying vulture guy. Just to be saved by an empty iron man suit. And Mr. Stark told him to stay away.

Not that Peter listened. Only a few days later he had jumped on a bus to D.C. with the decathlon team and ended up being lucked up in a storage garage for the rest of the night. That hadn't been a pretty moment.

And as if things couldn't get any worse, the ferry had been ripped apart on the middle. Mr. Stark had showed up, saved the day... and in the end taken away the suit.

It didn't last long though. The night of homecoming, which he btw had been very exited for, had gone to shit the second Liz's dad open the door. In front of him stood the Vulture. Peter had figured out his plan, had gotten crushed by a collapsed building and ended the night crashing Mr. Starks plane on a beach. Corny island, beach.

Then Peter had been offered a spot on the avengers team (which was like, so cool) but declined. Just to go home, and have my find out about his secret the most awkward way ever!

Really May finding out might have been the best thing to happen in Peter's life. Mr. Stark, was clearly scared of the woman after an angry phone call, with a lot of yelling. Peter had been sure that he could never go out as Spider-man again, but it took May less than a week to make a complete deal with Mr. Stark.

The deal including a real internship. Every Tuesday and Friday, Happy would pick Peter up from school, and bring him to the compound. And if May was working late on a Friday, Peter would stay in his room at the compound next to Vision and be in the lab Saturday too.

At that was exactly the kind of Friday Peter had jumped into. May had a late night shift at the hospital, and Peter was just waiting for the bell to ring so he could jump into the backseat of Happy's car.

"Alright every, that was all for math today" Their teacher said "Remember to do rest of the calculations for next class, which will be second period on Monday. And I don't want any excuses". The bell rang.

Peter stood up, pushing his chair back and picking up his book placing them down into his backpack. Swinging the backpack over his shoulder, pushing the chair in under the table and walked, with quick, excited steps out into the hall. Finding his locker and leaving the stuff he wouldn't need for homework. Before meeting up with Ned at Ned's locker, walking towards the exit together.

"So, is it one of those days were you stay at the compound for the night" Ned asked with a smile. Peter nodded, his eyes likely showing how happy he were.

"You still going on about the lie, Penis?" Flash called from behind them. Ned looked back shortly. Peter just ignored it and continued walking. He could hear Flash quick steps behind as he ran towards Ned and Peter, but the door the exit slammed in Flash's face before he could get with them.

Peter and Ned made their classic handshake, before walking each their way. Peter towards the stairs leading to the parking lot, totally oblivious to the guy still following him. At least until he feels a giant hit in his back, causing him to fall forwards down the last part of the stair. Pushing the air out of his lungs as he landed with a bigger boy holding him down. The sound of laughed filled the air as the bigger boy stood up, but Peter didn't care.

Peter pulled himself up from the ground, didn't even look in Flash and his friends direction, before walking towards the black car waiting for him. He could hear Flash scream at him as Peter left, as Peter jumped into the car, and as Happy pulled out the parking lot.

"Just stop you stupid lie already Penis! You couldn't possibly have an internship with Tony Stark" Flash screamed at him. Peter just caught Happy's eyes in the review mirror, and shrug.

Flash wasn't going to destroy his perfect day that easily.

So, to the A/N telling you to come here for a fun fact.

My dad's cousin, work in the US but lives in denmark when he ain't working on something big. And he was stuck in the US during some hurricane a few years ago, and :P Dose work with building and designing parts for lego land. So, true story that I though might be fun to throw into the mix here. So, yeah.

Also like... we should totally have some Tony Stark action. Right? Were he likes, helps Peter with the bully. It just dosen't fit into the story I'm writing. Like we got Happy, and May and Ned. Heck, (spoiler in coming) next chapter we will even see Rhodey and some minor Pepper. But Tony is no were to be seen in my planes. And like... that would mean he would have to show up in 5 or 6 but I can't figure out how to throw him into either. But I'll figure it out.

You are just an orphan, Parker!

Chapter Notes

A little longer than normal. And wait... is that MJ?!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Flash wasn't going to destroy his perfect day that easily.

Flash on the other hand, was going to destroy his not so perfect day, actually f*cking shit day, that easily.

The lab day with Mr. Stark that weekend had been amazing. They had played around with different tech most of the afternoon after Happy had dropped Peter off. When it became dinner time they had order in, and was sitting on the living room couch watching a star wars movie. When Saturday morning had rolled around, and Peter had left his bed, he meet Miss Pott's in the kitchen who were backing chocolate chipped pancakes. Rest of the Saturday was used in the lab, and ended with Happy driving Peter home. And Peter had gone on a small patrol before dinner with May.

Sunday had been real calm, between homework, Lego building with Ned, and a late patrol.

But Monday started out bad right from the beginning. May had, had to leave early because one of her colleagues had gotten sick. Peter had overslept and didn't have time for breakfast. Peter didn't make his train, and suddenly had to find another way to Midtown high. He ran through the doors just as the first bell rang, he still had time. Ned was sick, and so was MJ, so when they were told they had to do group work in the first class he had sighed. He was forced into a group with Flash. At lunch Flash had literally pushed Peter too the floor, kicked him in the stomach, and stolen his lunch. He got a message from Mr. Stark, that he had been called on a mission and likely wouldn't make it back in time for their scheduled Tuesday. And the icing on the top... they were informed of the upcoming career day.

"Alright students" Their teacher had called out "This Friday is career day! And that means you have to ask one of two to come here with you and talk about their job. It can be a mom or dad. If you have siblings or an Aunt or Uncle or grandparents that is an option too. I hope everyone have someone they can bring" the bell rang.

Peter barely got out if his set before he heard Flash's voice behind him, "Oh little Penis! You don't even have parents, your little orphan!" Flash called loudly. And their teacher, just walked out, turning a blind eye to the name calling. "You don't even have an uncle anymore Penis! So you can't bring anyone can you, your little shit".

Peter carefully placed his books and computer in his backpack trying to ignore Flash's taunting. But Flash didn't like it when Peter didn't react or respond. Flash pushed Peter aside, pulled his backpack to the floor with a loud thud, and Peter books fell out.

"Who are you going to bring, Penis?" Flash questioned. Peter scrambled over the floor picking up his things.

Somehow Peter got his things back in the backpack. Somehow, he got to his feet. Somehow, he ended up in apartment in Queen's, alone. Somehow, he just wasn't sure how. It was blur, half an hour were he couldn't say for sure what he had done. But he likely hadn't swung home, he would have remembered that. And more importantly, he wasn't wearing suit or web shooters.

Yeah, somehow, Peter ended up in the apartment in Queen's staring at the note from May: *Sorry sweetheart, had to cover for one my colleagues and I got the night shift tonight. There's leftovers I the fridge, wont be home till Tuesday afternoon.* Let's hope no one else get's sick, I'll keep you posted. The same note he had read that morning, thinking to himself, that it didn't matter. But now? It really did matter.

That night Peter finds himself picking at the leftover's not really eating anything, because of what feels like a rock in his stomach. Because Flash is right. Peter doesn't have parents. Peter's uncle is dead, and May has work Friday. She always has work on Friday's.

Really Peter would likely not have eaten anything that night if it hadn't been for Karen threatening with calling Happy. But he knows Karen is right, he shouldn't go on patrol on an empty stomach.

The next day isn't any better.

May isn't home in the morning, Peter aren't surprised by it. He know she wouldn't be. But somehow it still hit's him the to the stomach, and it almost feels like the air is being pulled out of his lungs.

Ned and MJ are still sick, only texting Peter to ask if he can take notes for them. Peter leaves on read. He doesn't dear promise something he isn't sure he can fulfill.

Peter barely eats anything, living of an apple for lunch. He knows he has to eat more than that, and really just skipping one meal can leave him with a dangerously low blood sugar level. He knows that. He knows that even people without is enhanced metabolism would need more than what he eats. But he can't. And he isn't quiet sure why.

It's really nothing new though. Peter doesn't make a habit out of it, but sometimes when things just go wrong it's like he losses the ability to eat.

It first really started when he was told about his parent's accident. He went six days eating close to nothing. He passed out and woke up in a hospital bed, with an I.V in his elbow. But it hasn't been bad since Ben's death, back then it lasted for almost 2 weeks. But at least he and May had an idea about how to handle it.

It has always showed itself when Peter was under a lot of stress, or emotionally drained. So really it isn't a surprise for Peter, his just used to May forcing a smoothing or a high calorie meal (or two) in him, until he eats normally again. Especially after she learned about the spider bit. May also got "Ensure plus", a Nutrition Shake, with 26 vital minerals and vitamins and 350 calories per bottle, recommended by one of her fellow nurses. It used to be the go too thing when he needed the boost right then and there, but after the bit they really didn't give a big enough punch.

That's why May asked Mr. Stark to cook something up, but that also meant Mr. Stark learned about his problems. He quickly made a replacement that fit Peter's needs a little more, a shake with

34 different vitamins and minerals, and 1750 calories per bottle. It's for days were his about to pass out and need to refill quick, or after a long patrol. But he also made a syringe, with a little cap, that's always filled with glucose for the days he aren't fast enough and passes out, or when May can't force him to drink the shake. They have a few of them at home, and both MJ and Ned carries one with them each in their backpacks, just in case.

It's after a day on patrol where Peter faint's, Mr. Stark programs Karen to keep an eye on his blood sugar levels.

Peter is quiet sure, May is scared that if she doesn't keep an eye on it, it might develop into something more serious. Though Peter wont let it go that far.

Yeah, Tuesday, weren't that different from Monday. At least at first glance.

By the time school was over, and Peter made it out the doors, someone special were waiting for him in the parking lot.

Leaning against a black sports car, (a prototype that Peter had seen Mr. Stark work on a few times, that would allow a paralyzed driver) stood James Rhodes, also know as War Machine, scrolling through his phone. A few of the other students were watching him from a distance, and Flash being one of braves even got closer and asked for a photo with him. Rhodey accepted, he always did. And when Rhodey caught eye of Peter he turned of his phone and waved him over.

Peter carefully went over. He had only meet Rhodey a few times, and always accompanied by Mr. Stark. But Rhodey had never picked him up before, it was always Happy or Tony himself.

"Hey Rhodey, wh-What are you doing here?" Peter asked as he got close enough for Rhodey to hear him.

Rhodey quickly moved closer to Peter laid his hands on Peter's shoulders and caught Peter's eyes before speaking. "Pete, look. You know Tony's on a mission, or else he would be doing this but eh... May called, there's been an accident. She has to be hospitalized for a few days for observation, just to make sure everything is fine. And until then you going to stay with me. At least till Tony's back" He said, not giving Peter a chance to ask any questions before he was done.

Peter just stared at him in disbelief. This week was against him. Parker LuckTM and all the shit. He hadn't though the week could become any worse, but it did. And Peter couldn't deal with it, and before he knew tears were building up in his eyes and rolling down his cheeks. Rhodey react calmly by pulling Peter into a hug, letting him cry down his shoulder.

"What kind of accident" Peter asked after a few minutes, his voice shaking and small, barely audible.

"A hit and run" Rhodey replied.

Before getting to Rhodey's apartment, which lays in one of the richer neighborhoods in New York, they go to see May at the hospital. Peter really just needs to know she isn't dying, Parker LuckTM has not been friendly to him lately. And May dying really wouldn't be a surprise by now. But May's awake when they show up, and she seems mostly fine, despite the bruises covering her face

and exposed skin.

Rhodey's apartment are big, there are a big living room connect to a luxuries kitchen with a big kitchen island in the middle. In front of the biggest couch there are a fireplace, and above is mounted a flat screen TV. The walls are a soft, very light grey color, and the floor is a light, almost white wooden color. Peter really should listen more in biology, or did they hear about it geography? Peter doesn't remember.

"Here is your room" Rhodey says and opens a door in the hall way showing Peter around "the bathroom is now that hall together with my own room" he smiles and points in the direction "If you need anything, Tony programmed Friday into the building. Work like at the compound. So just aske" he adds before he leaves Peter to his own getting settled in the guest room.

It big, almost big as the room Peter has on the compound. Rhodey as already picked up a few of Peter's things and cloths, it's placed in a big duffle bag on the bed. Peter can feel the smell and hospital sting in his cloths, so he changes. But as he dose black dots starts to dance around in Peter's vision, and a sudden dizziness leaves Peter tipping over. Before he knows it the small amount of food he has in his almost empty stomach, is creeping it's way up his throat and out onto the floor. Peter's vision goes black, as he fells himself fall and hears a loud thud on impact.

He can distantly make out small sounds and words, but can't piece it together.

"... er! Open the door..."

"... Bruce... apartment, need help... fain..."

"Come on kid... Tony's going... ki..."

He hears someone break down a door, and rushed footsteps all around him. He isn't sure for how longs his out.

When he starts to come too, his laying on a bed. The bed in the guest room is his best guess. His head is against someone chest, they are supporting him halfway into a sitting position. He can feel a light stinging in his upper arm, and some cool spread through his veins, as he starts to wake up more and becomes more aware.

He carefully opens his eyes and can see Dr. Bruce Banner sit next to him. He smiles carefully at him when they meet each other's eyes. He shifts slightly and removes the syringe from Peter's arm.

"When was the last time you ate a proper meal Peter?" Bruce askes calmly as he pulls out a shake from his back with medical surplice and hands it to Peter "Small sips" Bruce reminds him.

Peter can feel his hands shake as he lifts the small bottle up to his mouth to take a sip, he takes a few sips before he answers Bruce's question. "Eh... Sunday afternoon" he replies in a low voice. He know it isn't good, and most people doesn't react well to the fact. Bruce just nods and Rhodey his holding Peter up grips him a little tighter.

"Your blood sugar was dangerously low" Bruce says looking at a note he has in his hands "Under 48 mg/dL. Is could have ended really badly".

Peter looks down into his lap, and fiddles with the bottle "Sorry... the last few days have just been

a lot" He takes a sip of the thick liquid with vanilla taste "May usually reminds me to eat when things get's bad, but she's been busy and then..." he doesn't say anymore. He can feel the tears build up his eyes again.

Rhodey let's slightly go of Peter and moves so he can looks into Peter's eyes "Pete, what's wrong?" he asks carefully.

"It's just... Flash being an asshole... and May's busy and..." Peter's voice cracks "Friday is career day... and we have to bring someone that can talk about their job... but I don't got anyone... cause I don't got any parents... and Ben's dead... and May has work... and Flash is right, I'm a stupid orphan..."

Rhodey pulls Peter into a hug, and Peter can almost feel the glances the two men sends each other. Peter doesn't care.

Mr. Starks mission is longer than they originally expected. What was supposed to be a in and out things that last a few days, he isn't home by Friday. Wednesday and Thursday went by with minimal problems, though Peter noticed how Rhodey were a little more observing when it came to Peter's food intake, and Bruce had left a few syringes with glycose for Rhodey to administer should need be.

But things didn't go that far.

By Friday both Ned and MJ are back at school. Ned brought his cousin who works for Lego with him, and MJ brought her older brother who's a freelance artist. Peter goes alone, even though May had say she could try and ask around to get her shift covered. Bust she needs to heal, and Peter is doing better about everything, so it really dosen't matter that much.

"Sub loser" MJ calls out through the hall as she sees Peter. Peter waves and smiles at her.

"Hey MJ. Her Ned!" He gives them both a big hug.

The first half of the Friday is pretty much completely normal, they have Spanish in first period and chemistry in second. While eating lunch Ned, MJ and Peter talks.

"So, can't wait you hear about your families jobs" Peter says "it doesn't really surprise me that you family is artistic MJ".

MJ smiles slightly, scratching a bit on her paper, as she thinks about her next drawing "Yeah. His art is a bit to controversial for me though. But he's got talent. I prefer to draw something with meaning, like people in crisis, or idiots" she replies "Who did you bring today?".

"I didn't bring anyone, May's busy and recovering from a minor hit and run Tuesday" Peter replies. MJ dosen't look faced at all, which is kinda reassuring to Peter.

When lunch is over whole Peter's class and their guest meets up in one of the bigger classrooms. But even though the room is filled Peter doesn't miss the fact that Flash is sitting alone. And as the bell rings in for class to start, Peter doesn't miss the fact that James Rhodes, Rhodey walks in the door and sits down next to Peter either while giving him a small hug.

“What are you doing here” Peter whispers to Rhodey.

“I’m showing you that you aren’t as alone as you think” He replies with a grin.

When class is over MJ, Ned and Peter meets in the hallways to wish each other good weekend. In the meantime, Rhodey is talking one of Peter’s teachers who if Peter heard correctly used to work in the same military base as Rhodey before getting a job as a teacher. That’s a story Peter would like to hear more about. As they talk Flash come up.

“What the hell Penis, how much sex did the slut had to have before War Machine showed up huh?” he asks, laughing with his friends, Peter doesn’t say anything just shrugs and continues his conversation about climate changes with MJ and disuse when then should meet before a big demonstration that weekend.

Flash isn’t faced by the lack of reaction and just keeps going “Gotta ask, was it Iron Man or War Machine who got the “payment”? Or spider-man maybe?”.

Peter looks to Flash and shakes his head before says “At least someone showed up with me, a person who cared about me. I guess that’s more than we can say about your parents”, then he turns to MJ “I’m sure Pepper is willing to give dinner after the demonstration. She might even join us, he company dose make green energy after all” he says before biting a goodbye to his friends and joining Rhodey who has finish his own conversation. Flash is just staring at Peter with an open mouth and shocked face.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry. I mean like, Tony should totally play a role in the story, right? But it's just... it's seen before isn't it?

I'm not sure were the eating disorder symptoms came from, it just fit right there. So I added it.

Why are you still here?

Chapter Notes

1. Slight suicidal references. Not too bad, but might trigger you if you're sensitive to the topic.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Peter and Rhodey entered the car, they didn't go to Rhodey's apartment. They went to the compound. Rhodey had been informed that Mr. Stark had returned from his mission, and even if they couldn't go in the lab while he was healing, wanted to see Peter and be there for him.

Most of the ride to the compound was silent, Peter had put on his headphones (special made to block out sounds) and listened to music. It had been a long exhausting week, and Peter just wanted to cuddle on Mr. Stark couch and watch Star Wars.

Normally when Peter went to the compound, Happy would just stop in front of the main entrance and Peter would walk inside. With Rhodey things were different. They drove into the big underground garage and went into the private elevator that Mr. Stark had installed for friends and family to use. Friday didn't even say anything before taking them to Mr. Stark's floor, opening the elevator doors, and Peter and Rhodey started walking down the halls of the compound.

Mr. Stark were sitting in the kitchen, with Dr. Helen Cho studying his wounds and injuries. He had some minor cuts in his face and down his arms, he was slightly bruised, and his left arm were bandaged up in what Peter recognized as a type of elastic bandage used for sprains and minor injuries.

As soon as Mr. Stark saw Peter he waved Dr. Cho aside and got up, quickly walking over pulling Peter into a hug. The smell of oil, blood, and sweat hit Peter's nose, but it smelled like Tony she he left himself relax into his grip. He could feel Mr. Stark let his head rest of Peter's curls, and felt his steady, warm breath hit his head. It was just what he needed.

After a little Tony let go of his grip about his body, and instead placed his hands-on Peter's upper arms. Studying him with a curious look, before speaking carefully. "Are you okay?" Peter nodded.

"You don't seem okay. You seem... thinner?" Tony said carefully running hands down Peter's arm feelings around his wrists. Peter looked down, as Rhodey started talking.

"It had seemingly been a rough week even before everything with May, the kid passed out on the guest room floor in my apartment not even 20 minutes after I picked him up" he said carefully
"Called Bruce who came and did his thing. The main part of the week is me desperately trying to make him eat, and he has eaten some, which I take as a win. You can't blame him for the lack of appetite".

Tony looked between Rhodey and Peter before turning to Dr. Cho. "Would you mind checking him out? I want to make sure that with his enhanced metabolism and already small build, that he isn't dangerously underweight" she nodded and Mr. Stark carefully placed an arm over Peter's

shoulder and together they walked down to the infirmary.

Cho asked Peter to take off his shoes, hoodie and shirt, before standing on the weight. She took notes, plotted them into her computer and then carefully studied Peter's figure.

"His normal weight is 167 lbs with a BMI of 23.99" Cho said (A/N: Not sure about the correct numbers here, just found it on Spider-man fandom.com) "But now, it's 138.89 lbs and a BMI of 19.88. It's quite a drop, but not underweight quite yet. But it's been a while since we last did a routine checkup, so the drop might not have been that big" she quickly added seeing Tony's face worried face. "Just, up your calorie intake by let's say 1500 calories a day till you back on normal weight. Even if it isn't underweight, it's still not good looking at your activity level, and I don't want it to drop future" she ended before closing down her laptop.

Peter could see how Tony's shoulders slacked in relief, and he quietly smiled to his father figure who returned it.

Peter quickly pulled his shirt back down over his head, before jumping down from the examination table he had been sitting on. "So, Mr. Stark. What do you say to Thai and then you can tell us about your mission" has recommended with excitement and happiness in his voice.

Tony nodded "That sounds like a brilliant idea. Friday, get our usual order", the AI hummed in acknowledgement. "Now, how's May doing?" He asked. And then they followed each other back to the living room talking.

When the food came, they had agreed on watching a few episode of the Danish netflix show called "The Rain". And when they had eaten, Peter had curled up in Tony's lap, while Tony ran his fingers through the brown curls.

It was a big contrast for the long week, filled with Parker Luck. God, Peter hated Parker Luck.

At some point Rhodey had excused himself to one of the compounds guest rooms, and left Peter and Tony alone in the giant living room. And Tony took the opportunity to ask Peter about his eating problems.

"So, I mean. May have obviously told me you sometimes has eating issues, but... I... didn't think I'd ever get to see them unfold" Tony started "Just seeing the aftermath, I mean... Kid, your eyes are so sunken in, and you might not be underweight, but you're still so small compared to last Saturday when Happy drove you home".

Peter didn't look up at Tony, just stared at the TV screen in front of him "I-I'm sorry..." was all he could say.

"Hey, no apologizing" Tony quickly said "I just, though. Maybe it would be good for you to get therapy. It might help".

Peter moved so he could look up at Tony "I... don't know" he said quietly "I had therapy right after everything with Ben, but it didn't really help. And now... God... I wouldn't be able to talk to a therapist about all the spider-man related things. And you know, therapy is expensive and May...".

Tony meet Peter's eyes "Hey, first. I'll pay no matter what. I don't want you to break kid" he stated "secondly, I got a therapist myself, very friendly and down on earth. I trust her 100%, and I can make her sign and NDA so you can talk about spider-man related things too" he said with a slight smile "how dose that sound?".

"That sound..." Peter hesitated "that sounds good, Dad".

Peter couldn't help himself, and he couldn't help himself when he saw Tony's shocked face either. But Tony quickly started smiling with happiness in his eyes. "Forget about what I told you about calling me Tony" he laughed "Dad has quieted a good sound to it".

Peter's life went pretty okay over the next few days. Peter spent whole the weekend at the compound, were he and Tony hide away in the lab working on suit upgrades.

On Monday morning, Happy had driven Peter to school. And later that day May was released from the hospital, with stick instructions to at least take it easy for the rest of the week. If possible, two.

Peter had brought the topic of therapy up with May, and May hugged Peter and agreed that is sounded like a good idea. And when Peter had told May about how he had called Tony for Dad, May had smiled knowingly at him.

When Tuesday, and therefor another lab day at come around, Tony had invited May and Peter for dinner at a small restaurant in Queens. May and Pepper had gotten closer under the dinner, because of course Pepper had joined.

At the end of dinner, after they had eaten their amazing homemade chocolate ice cream, Tony had looked at May as said "I want to be more involved. Ever since I meet Peter, we have grown closer, in so many ways. I want to help out more, be a bigger part of it. May, his like a son to me". And May had smiled, hugged him and Pepper before replying.

"If that's the case first step will be making you an emergency contact for Peter at school. You can have him every second weekend and 2 days every week, if you move a little closer to New York. And if that works out, we might make it something more legal". And Tony had smiled, agreed and hugged May and afterwards Peter close.

On Wednesday Peter hang with Ned and MJ at Ned's place, they got pizza, build Lego and had a rare school night sleep over.

Thursday by the time the bell rang out of school things took a turn though.

"How do you feel about your first therapy session today? God, who would have guessed THE Tony Stark would offer that kind of thing! I mean it's soooo cool" Ned talk, as they threw their books into their lockers.

Peter laughed and shrugged "To be honest, it's scary. But that the craziest thing that have happened this week, really" he replied with a grin. He had yet to tell Ned and MJ about how Tony wanted to be more involved. He wasn't sure how you bring up that a superhero billionaire, might want to be his legal dad at some point.

"What can be Crazier than meeting Iron Mans therapist?" Ned asked with a frown.

Peter smiled “He want’s to be more involved” he replied “He and Pepper are looking at houses in New York. May says that if things work out, we might make it legal. You know, black on white and all the jazz”.

“Wait” Ned said “Did I hear that right? THE Tony Stark wants to ADOPT YOU?” his face was filled with choke. Peter nodded.

“It’s not surprising” MJ threw in “They like father son. Quite sure I even saw Stark have Peter grades hanging on the fridge last we were at the compound” Peter blushed, MJ was right. Tony had even noticed how Peter had feelings for MJ, he had laughed at him and called May who laughed even harder.

“Well I’m heir of Stark industries anyways” Peter replied tamely “And I did call him ‘Dad’ last weekend” he looked down with embarrassment.

“And his Iron man. Iron man and Spider-man is seen a lot together lately, would totally make sense if they had gotten close. So not that surprising he wants to be more involved in Peter’s life” MJ said and smiled shyly.

Peter frown “What’s that supposed to mean?”

MJ leaned in closer before speaking “It’s obvious, your Spider-man” she then said. Peter looked between MJ and Ned, but before he could say anything or really react his spidey sense went off and he only just stepped aside in time for Flash no to hit him.

Flash tumbled slightly forward “What did I just hear Penis? Weren’t the internship lie enough anymore? Now Tony Stark want to adopt you?” he asked, “Can’t you hear how fake that sound Penis?!?”

Flash kicked Peter in the stomach with his knee, pushing Peter against the lockers and placed a hand around Peter’s throat, blocking Peter’s airway. Peter gasped slightly to get air into his lungs, with barely any success.

“Or is this a part of you Slut work? You give them sex and what do you get? Pretending you know the avengers? How low can you get Penis!” Flash groveled at him. Peter wanted to reply, but black dots started slowly to form in front of his eyes, and a dizziness made him feel faint. But before he could pass out someone pushed Flash back.

“Leave him alone Flash” MJ said lamely stepping in front of Peter whole was sitting in the floor gasping for air.

Flash laughed loudly “OH! And now Penis needs his girlfriend to defend him? How pathetic” he pushed past MJ and Ned and looked down at Peter before giving sign to his friend to join him.

“If I were you Penis, I’d be long gone” he said kicking Peter had in the stomach “I’d kill myself for being such a burden” Flash kicked him again, this time a little higher. And Peter could taste the disgusting taste of cobber fill his mouth in form of a thick, red liquid. And he slowly felt it drip out of his mouth. He could distantly hear Flash scream at him, but he couldn’t really make it out. Things were blurry and unfocused, they were, at least till suddenly a giant bucket of ice-cold water was throw over him. Shocking his cloth, and hair, and skin.

Peter just looked up meet Flashes eyes, supported himself against a locker as he slowly got to his feet. He carefully took his back and just left, without as much as giving Flash a blink in reaction. MJ and Ned follow him with quick steps, Ned talking on the phone with who Peter guessed would be Happy and Tony.

As they walked out the door Peter heard Flash call one last time “That’s right Penis! Go kill yourself already!” before the door slammed behind them and Peter felt the pain in his stomach.

That night Peter went on a late-night patrol, and at some point, he ended on the top of a roof as so many times before. Only difference was, he felt empty. It was like a pit in his stomach, Flash's words echoing in his brain. He was about to make the biggest, most meaningful decision of his life. A decision that could mean life or death. A decision, that could destroy May and Tony, or maybe their life would be easier this way. Maybe, if this succeeded, he could finally find the peace he had fought for since Ben's death.

Time went into slow motion, Peter took a deep breath, focused his senses on the busy New York street and took a step closer to the edge.

Chapter End Notes

I have already written the next chapter, and it will be posted sometime tomorrow. Really, writing the ending to this chapter, and whole the next chapter leaves me with this energy I didn't know I could get from writing. I can't wait to hear what people think of this chapter, of course. But I really can't wait to hear what people think of the last chapter.

“A Part of the journey, is the end” - Tony Stark

Chapter Notes

Warning: Suicide attempt

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He took a deep, shaky breath, before allowing himself to focus on the familiar sound of busy New York traffic, and took one step closer to the edge. Climbing over the barrier and placing his feet right at the edge of the building.

He's not really sure how he got here, or why for that matter. The words echo's in his brain, as has done so ever since they had been said out loud. "*I'd kill myself for being such a burden*" and it's true, he is a burden and he should "*Go kill yourself already!*". Because in the end, he couldn't do anything right.

He'd been invited to a senior party by Liz, he'd shown up. Liz had smiled, welcome them, told them that she was happy they could come. He'd loved her, smiled at her, and showed up to HER party because he wanted to show her that. But he had failed. Things had gone wrong.

Not even something as simple as decathlon. He had failed his team in D.C. He'd gone on the trip, sure. But the team had won, with or without him. And even if he could have made a difference, if he could have gotten them some extra points, he would have been forgotten the second Spider-man showed up in the elevator to save them. Because he was a nobody. And so many other, smart people at Midtown high deserved his spot on the team so much more than he did.

And homecoming... homecoming had been a disaster that he'd rather not look back on.

If he wasn't such a God damn failure thing at home might be different. Less work, more family time where they could just eat takeout and watch movies on the couch. Instead he got leftovers, hours alone, and still having to desperately keep his grades up through homework. Because he wanted to impress, but also because if he didn't there would be punishment. He couldn't leave the house till he got his grades back up.

He was worth nothing, he was pathetic, a piece of trash. And he wished he could be different.

He so desperately wished he could be more like Spider-man. Everyone knew Spider-man, and if they didn't they were living under a rock. Spider-man, a hero, THE HERO. That would swing around and help people, never getting anything in return. He wanted to be like that, be he wasn't, he was a nobody.

A nobody who wanted to be more, be something he couldn't... he wasn't a hero.

And that's how he ended up, on that rooftop, somewhere in Brooklyn. Looking out over the city where he grew up, and that city he would soon leave behind. There was never quiet in the city, that's something he realized on the bus ride to D.C. There are constant sounds, and always light. But when they were sitting in the bus, between practice and small talk, he had seen as the sun went

down and above them in outside of the bus the star had been shining.

Looking up at the sky now, all he saw was darkness. The light from the city making the stars almost invisible.

For as long as he could remember he had been fascinated by space, he'd watch Star Wars and dream about traveling through hyperspace. He only got more obsessed with it after the invasion in 2012. Tony Stark had flown into a wormhole with a nuke and had seen what was on the other side. Had seen that stars up close.

Maybe, if he stayed, he could get that chance too. Or maybe if he jumped he would become one.

He leaned forward looking down on the empty, dark street. Thinking about the free fall, wondering if the impact would kill him. He'd heard about people surviving falls like this. Would he fall it? Would it hurt?

He was pulled out of his thoughts by a worried, slightly panicked voice from behind him, and a thud as someone landed on the roof with him. He didn't dare turn around to look at the hero. Scared that if he did, the hero would realize he wasn't worth saving. His hero, this hero, right here. Would realize that he was a burden, and everyone around him, would be better off without him.

"Hey buddy, mind stepping away from the edge" the Hero asked with, worry and fear in his voice "we could talk about this? Okay? Just p-please come down" the Hero moved closer to him, but slowly, as if scared that too quick movement would make him jump. He wasn't wrong.

"I'm not worth it. I'm a nobody... I'm not worth it" he replied with a small voice, a voice that was so unlike his own. His voice, which was normally so full of power, and energy. Now it was just empty, and he could hear it himself... even if he'd never admit something was wrong.

"Of course your worth it, or else I wouldn't be here. Please, come down" the hero said before placing a hand on his shoulder, as if that would save him if he decide to actually jump. The hero's movement were shaky "Look if you die, that's on me. And I can't live with myself if I let that happen. So please..." the hero's voice broke. But he didn't care.

He let go of the grip he had, had on the fence, carefully and stepped forward. And before he knew it he was falling. Diving towards the ground in a Free fall, down the side of the building, towards the ground and the peace he desperately wanted. The wind was deafening, rushing past his ears, make him blind to the sounds around. Yet as he got closer, and closer to the ground, peoples muffled voices and footsteps got louder and louder. The ground got closer and closer. He close his eyes, readying himself for the impact...

...But it never came.

Instead of hitting the ground, strong arms wrapped around up, lifting him up. Flying, up into the night sky, far above the city street.

He looked over his shoulder to see his savior, the hot red from his suit shining in the pale moonlight.

They swung, landed back on the roof, and there. Right in front of him stood Spider-man.

Spider-man had saved his life, even though he wasn't worth saving.

He let himself drop to the ground, pulled his legs up to his chest and sobbed “Y-y-you should... shouldn’t have done that...” his voice broke as tears fell down his cheeks.

“Of course I should, everyone is worth saving, everyone is worth a second chance” Spider-man said and sat down next to Flash, laying his arms around the smaller boys shoulders, with a tight grip.

“I... n-no... not everyone... I’m... I’m just a bully” he stammered looking at the red and blue hero. His survivor. His inspiration. His hope. His dream.

Spider-man looked into his eyes “Even bullies deserves a second chance. A chance to make things right, and to be forgiven even” he said, and Flash was sure he was smiling slightly under the mask.

“Pe-Peter P-Parker would n-never... for-forgive me...” He said looking down into the grey rooftop, letting his tears drop, drop, drop like Peter’s blood had done early that day in the hallway, in Midtown high.

Red like the human, holding him close as he sobbed.

“I’m sure he would. Everyone deserves forgiveness” Spider-man said “But it might not happen overnight” he added.

Flash looked up, out over the city, it seemed quieter now than it had when he was standing at the edge “You think so?” he asked with a quiet voice.

“I know so” the Hero replied, taking one of his hand and placing it on the top of his mask. He carefully curled his fingers into the light spandex, soft, grounding, and Spider-man helped him pull the tight-fitting mask of his head. Followed by letting the mask drop to the ground, like red blood drops, running his fingers through his brown curls smiling to him.

And He, was meet by his Hero’s face. Not the face of a billionaire like Tony Stark, or a soldier like Captain America. No, he was greeted by the face of his victim, a high school kid his own age, the face of Peter Parker. And he had forgiven him. He had shown Flash that he was worth it just like Spider-man would be worth it. And they sat there looking into each other’s eyes.

“I forgive you” Peter said, with a carefully, shuddery voice. A voice he knew all to well. Peter Parker forgave Flash Thompson. Even if he didn’t deserve it, because Peter Parker was a hero. His hero.

“Would you mind watching Star Wars with me?” he asked, carefully, scared to scare the boy away. Scared he would change his mind, regret that he’d saved him. But he didn’t, just nodded and helped him to his feet before they left the rooftop together, not looking back. Not looking back at what once were, but looking forward, to what could be.

That night Peter went on a late-night patrol, and at some point, he ended on the top of a roof as so many times before. Only difference was, he felt empty. It was like a pit in his stomach, Flash’s words echoing in his brain, “*I’m not worth it*”. He was about to make the biggest, most meaningful decision of his life. A decision that could mean life or death. A decision, that could destroy May and Tony, or maybe their life would be easier this way. Maybe, if this succeeded, he could finally

find the peace he had fought for since Ben's death. Maybe, saving his bully would be what Ben had meant. With great power come great responsibility.

Forgiveness was a great power, and right now, right here. It was his responsibility to forgive. To let go of the past, not just the past with Flash, the boy standing on the edge. But his past with Ben too.

Peter took a deep breath, focused his senses on the busy New York street and took a step closer to the edge, placing a shaking hand Flash's shoulder, hoping that he would be able to save him even if he jumped.

"Look if you die, that's on me. And I can't live with myself if I let that happen. So please—"but before he was done talking Flash had stepped forward and was falling. And time went into slow motion.

Peter jumped over the edge, free falling to the ground. He could see Flash fall, he wouldn't be able to catch him, and then he stretched out his arm folded it around Flash's chest and with his other arm he shot a web to the top of building and swung them both back to the rooftop.

Flash almost collapsed to the ground, pulling his knees to his body. And Peter could hear his fear filled sobs. So he sat down next to his bully and laid an arm over his shoulders.

"Y-y-you should... shouldn't have done that..." Flash's voice was shaky, filled with regret and sadness.

"Of course, I should, everyone is worth saving, everyone is worth a second chance" He replied, pulling Flash's closer to him. Wanting to comfort him but being scared that a hug would be too personal.

"I... n-no... not everyone... I'm... I'm just a bully" Flash replied, sobbing harder as his voice broke between words.

Peter shook his head, "Even bullies deserves a second chance. A chance to make things right, and to be forgiven even" he said with determination in his voice. Flash looked up at him and meet his eyes.

"Pe-Peter P-Parker would n-never... for-forgive me..." he said before looking down again. But Flash was wrong. Peter would forgive him.

"I'm sure he would. Everyone deserves forgiveness. But it might not happen overnight" He carefully said.

"You think so?" Flash asked him with a questioning look.

"I know so" he replied taking Flash hand and together they pulled off his mask "I forgive you" he then said, smiling at the boy.

Later that night Peter found himself on his and May's couch with Flash by his side. They were watching Star Wars the clone was animated movie and had a cup of hot chocolate each.

Peter had switched out of the suit when they had gotten home while the water was boiling.

When the movie was over Flash looked at him and asked, “How can you just... forgive me this easily?”.

“Uncle Ben always said two things, with great powers comes great responsibility” Peter asked
“And it’s my responsibility to forgive you, because that’s in my power to do so” he smiled “But, he also once told me that At the end of hardship, comes happiness. It might be hard for you to change, but if you do... I’m sure you’ll find happiness. Starting tonight”.

And then Peter pulled Flash into a tight hug.

Chapter End Notes

God I hope you liked my plot twist. Really that idea, whole the plot twist inspired me to do this whole fanfic in the first place. Because I had to create a back story for it, right?

I hope you enjoyed it!

If you have any ideas for future fanfictions, throw a comment I'll look into it.

Not a chapter.

So! Guys.

It's not the end of the journey quiet yet.

Part two of the series, which wasn't planned has just gotten the first chapter uploaded! So, like. Idk? Go check it out.

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/24562066/chapters/59316640>

But first.

I would like to thank all of your for the amazing comments and reactions to this fanfic. I'm glad so many enjoyed reading it, as I did writing it. The plot twist is something I'm proud of, and I was scared you guys wouldn't like it. So it means 3000 too me to you guys liked it. So thank you very much.

I'm no writer.

I'm just a kid, or a teen really... young adult maybe.

And this is something I'm new at.

So it means a lot that you guys enjoy it.

See you soon, Dorthea.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!